La, Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deede.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweete beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him that ſlew my Husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband.
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath v
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues y
La. Name him *Glo.*
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfe-ſame name but on
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Sh*
Why doeſt ſpit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poy
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fo
Out of my ſight thou doeſt infect m
Glo. thine eyes ſweete Lady hau
La. Would they were Baſiliske
Glo. I would they were, that I m
For now they kill me with a liuing
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of c
I neuer ſued to friends nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne ſwee
But now thy beauty is propoſde m
My proud heart ſues, and prompts
Teach not my lips ſuch ſcorne, for t
For kiſſing Lady not for ſuch cont
If thy reuengefull heart cannot for g
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe po
Which if you pleaſe to hide in this
And let the ſoule forth that a dorn
I lay it naked to thy deadly ſtroake
And humbly beg the death vpon m
Nay, doe not pawſe, twas I that kil
But twas thy beauty that prouok
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kil
But twas thy heauenly face that ſe
Take vp the ſword againe, or take
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I w
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe,
La. I haue alreadie.

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